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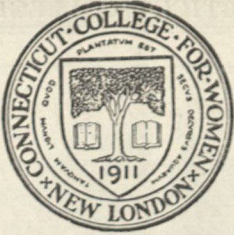
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CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS



VOL. 21—No. 9

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, DECEMBER 7, 1935

Price Five Cents

Professor Laing Talks on 'Horace' At Convocation

Is One Of Leading Classicists Of Country and Foremost Editor Of Horace

Quintus Horatius Flaccus, our Horace, was born 2000 years ago on the 8th of December. A poet not only the mentor, the inspiration, the model, and the delight of his own age, but one who has kept the interest and love of thousands of readers in all lands since that time.

This year throughout the modern world, even when the minds of men are occupied with many pressing problems, in France, Switzerland, Belgium, Hungary, England, Germany, Italy and every state of our union, celebrations have been held and are being held to honor this poet in whose work we find the starting point of much that is most appealing in all modern literature, who still feeds the souls of his readers, and whose message seems uniquely addressed to such an age as ours. As an indication of his hold on men of today, look for quotations from him in the completed dictionary of any modern language. Scattered through the pages of Webster for instance, we find more than fifty phrases of his in the Latin that are so much a part of the spiritual heritage of the race that they seem to us to belong in our dictionary, to each man they seem a part of his own language.

At Convocation on Tuesday, December 10th, Professor Gordon J. Laing of the University of Chicago will speak on "Horace and the Culture of Today". Mr. Laing is one of the leading classicists of this country and especially the foremost editor of Horace from the literary standpoint, besides being an unusually able, fluent and entertaining speaker. The lecture at Connecticut College is the second of a series of eight given at different New England colleges for the Bimillennium Horatianum. A collection of Horatianiana will be on display at the Palmer Library during the month of December. A general invitation to hear the lecture and to view the collection is extended.

If you have never studied Horace, don't lose this chance to make the acquaintance of such a figure in world literature.

NOTICE

Those girls wishing to sit with the minister on Sundays will please let Eleanor Pearson know by this Thursday. Her room is 308 Windham.

The Connecticut College Song Books with words and music are on sale at the Book Store. They are \$1.25 each.

Book on Literature By Professor Wells Published Recently

The Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences has just announced its publication of "The Sixth Supplement to a Manual of the Writings in Middle English" by Professor John Edwin Wells, chairman of the Department of English in Connecticut College. On its first appearance in 1916 the basic volume of this standard encyclopedia and bibliography covering all pieces of English dating from between 1050 and 1400 was hailed as "executed with amazing industry, conscientiousness, learning, and intelligence." It was generally declared to be a lasting landmark in the criticism of earlier English literature.

In its various reprintings and in the supplementary volumes that have been published one every three years, the Manual has become the indispensable basis for all scholarly investigation and university graduate study of English of the period concerned. The present volume is issued for the Connecticut Academy, as are the others, by the Yale University Press for the United States, and by the Oxford University Press for countries abroad. It covers all articles, dissertations, pamphlets, and books, comprising some 4,000 items, issued on Middle English between June, 1932, and July, 1935.

For some time Dr. Wells has been preparing a study of the succeeding period, "The Fifteenth Century Writings in English", which will correspond in scope and exhaustiveness with his Manual and its supplements. In support of this later undertaking the American Council of Learned Societies has voted him in each of the last three years one of its largest financial grants. This new work is rapidly approaching completion.

Mrs. E. Harkness Makes Fine Gift To The College

Mrs. Edward S. Harkness has made a very interesting and educational gift to Connecticut College. It is a set of 900 stereographs. When viewed through a telebinocular, these photographs give the observer the feeling of being present in the scene depicted.

In the set there are 300 views on American History and 600 views on a Tour of the World. The following subjects are included in the group of photographs: 1. Anthropology and Ethnology; 2. Archeology and Antiquities; 3. Art; 4. Astronomy; 5. Biology; 6. Economics and Social Science; 7. Engineering; (Continued to Page 6, Col. 5)

Conn. Chapter of French Teachers' Association Meets

Conn. College Is Host To First General Meeting Of New Chapter

The first general meeting of the Connecticut Chapter of the American Association of Teachers of French will be held at Connecticut College, Saturday, December 7, and will begin at 11:00 a. m. Miss Ernst is in charge of arrangements. All teachers of French in the State of Connecticut and all lovers of the French language and literature, including members of the Alliance Francaise, are urged to attend the meeting. "Le Cercle Francais" of Connecticut College has generously offered to cover the expenses of the printing, postage, and other incidentals.

Early this fall Professor Louis Mercier of the Harvard School of Education and Chairman of the National Association of Teachers of French approached Professor Arsene Croteau, head of the Modern Language Department of Connecticut State College, Storrs, and spoke to him regarding the formation of a Connecticut Chapter of the Association. On November 2, 1935, a group met with Professor Mercier in New Haven, Professors Ernst and Hier representing Connecticut College, and elected the following officers for the new chapter:

Chairman, Albert Mann, Wesleyan University.

Vice-Chairman, Ora B. Craig, Bristol High School.

Sec.-Treas., Rose Doherty, New Haven High School.

The program for the first general meeting of the new chapter is as follows:

Morning Session, 11:00 a. m.
Address of Welcome, Dean Irene Nye, Connecticut College.

Paul Valery and Music, Professor Florence Hier, Connecticut College.

Piano: Debussy, Ravel, Cesar Franck, Mr. Donald Agger, New York City.

Readings from Baudelaire, Mallarme, Valery, Professor Carola Ernst, Connecticut College.

Luncheon, 12:30 p. m.
Afternoon Session, 1:30 p. m.

Tendances Generales du Roman Francais Contemporain, Professor Jean Boorsch, Graduate School of Yale University.

Discussion of Aims and Policies of the New Chapter, led by the Chairman, Professor Albert Mann, Wesleyan University.

A large number of Connecticut College students interested in French will attend.

Attitudes on Vital Issues Revealed in Student Poll

Glee Club Concert Held on Thursday

The following is the program for the Connecticut College Glee Club concert in the Gymnasium, Thursday evening, November 5, at 8 o'clock:

Bach Chorals

a. "Subdue us with Thy Kindness", with flute obligato by Paul F. Laubenstein.

Christmas Oratorio

b. "Break forth, O beauteous, heavenly light"

c. "Within yon gleamy manger lies the Lord"

d. "With all Thy hosts, O Lord we sing"

Bach Pentecost Cantata aria

"My heart ever faithful"

Cernea (1649) arr. Liddle

An old sacred lullaby

Frances Henretta '38

Cesar Franck

150th Psalm, "Sing Praise to God, the Lord"

Irene Berge-Clement C. Moore Cantata

"A Visit from St. Nicholas"

Mrs. Ella Petter Lane at the piano.

—:o:—

Wig and Candle Club In Three One-Act Plays

Several innovations marked the fall presentation of Wig and Candle in the gymnasium on Friday evening November 22. An artistic program-format designed by Mrs. Ray, appropriate music in the intervals (which music, unhappily, few persons seated beyond the front rows were able to hear), three one-act plays instead of the customary long drama, and, with one exception, the absence of masculine characters, were novelties that provoked comment.

In the order of presentation the plays were *Manikin and Minikin*, *The Widow's Veil*, and *When the Whirlwind Blows*. *Manikin and Minikin* by Alfred Kreymborg is a (Continued to Page 6, Col. 1)

NOTICE

On Tuesday afternoon, December 10, from 12 to 4 o'clock, representatives from the railroad station will be in the Secretarial Practice room, Fanning 110, to take orders for railroad tickets for the Christmas vacation.

They will be in the same room at the same hours again on Tuesday, December 17, to deliver these tickets.

Questions Deal With Subjects Such As Bonus, Repeal, Supreme Court's Power

Throughout the country many polls have been taken during the past year to determine public opinion on various questions of the day. The results are carefully checked and tabulated so that everyone will have the opportunity of knowing what the nation as a whole thinks. One of the polls which has created a great deal of interest is the one put forth in the *New York Herald-Tribune's* Sunday edition. Until recently the questions have been sent to many different classes of people, but no definite survey has been made of college opinion. Feeling that the students of Connecticut College would be interested in voting on the current issues, the *News* has agreed to join the leading colleges in following the questions.

To quote indirectly from the *Tribune* of November 3, the National Weekly Poll of public opinion is a survey of what America thinks about men and issues of the day, conducted by the American Institute of Public Opinion, New York City. The poll is conducted by Dr. George Gallup, who directs an organization to help him in this project. In order that the resulting opinions may be representative, between 100,000-200,000 ballots (by mail or by personal interview) are distributed to all classes of people in every state in proportion to the population. Any question as to the reliability of these polls can be answered by the fact that the statistical differences between these answers and a national referendum would not be more than one or two percent.

Due to the fact that a certain amount of time is required to collect the ballots, tabulate them, and send the results to the *New York Herald-Tribune*, Connecticut will have the opportunity of voting only once every two weeks. These ballots which will appear in the pages of the *News* can easily be detached and placed in individual dormitory boxes as soon after Wednesday afternoon as possible.

Because this is an excellent opportunity for each one to keep in touch with current problems, the college is urged to give its earnest cooperation in voting. Not only will the differences in class opinions be interesting, but since the statistics will be published in the *Tribune* at the same time as other college reports, it will also be stimulating to see how great a correlation there is between our results and theirs.

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

ESTABLISHED 1916

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What We Miss In Four Years of College Work

We miss so much in our four years of college! Immediately, I know, you challenge my seemingly shallow statement. But, actually, there is no challenge.

Every girl in the college is a definite, individual, personality. No two have lived two moments the same in life. There are scores of vitally interesting experiences that have served to make us what we are as individuals, but why are we so reluctant—so hesitant about revealing our individuality? Why do we confine ourselves to a handful of close "friends" and build an unscalable wall between our limited groups and those many worthwhile girls who are anxious to know us better for what we are and benefit from our friendship?

Admitting, but meaning no offense, that most of us are like so many oysters, I am happy to say I once found a "pearl" among said molluscae. She, complaining to me that surely there could be nothing of interest about her, held me spellbound for many evenings with tales of American mountain life; of an aged ranger who crawled for hours over ice and snow, a leg crushed and broken, to seek aid; of enchanting scenes of mountain lakes, flowers, sunrises; and, too, that girl had actually *lived* England! And yet, "surely nothing I could say could possibly interest anyone."

Then, too, there are some among us who have become really familiar with great things—with Art, with Music, with Literature, with Science. But why are our ears deaf? Why do our tongues refuse to speak? We could all be so rich!

Some of the greatest men and women in the world I know make a habit of "picking up" bits of information—from the men under them, about their homes, their work, their problems, from their secretaries about individual peculiarities, ideas, and experiences; from fellow business men about other lines of industry as well as hobbies—boating, hunting, reading, and countless varying interests. We, like they, can never know too much, and there are many, many possibilities in our college contacts that we blindly let slip by

What to do? There are three things that would probably "fill the bill" in most cases. The first: to take especial care not to bar your friendship from girls who earnestly want to know you and help or be helped, having known you. Perhaps this is the most

(Continued to Column 4)



What popular Mary Harkness in habitant is serenaded by sentimental songs to the tune of "One Keg of Beer for the Four of Us."

Now that snow has arrived we can all show that we have gone back to our second childhood without a trace of embarrassment.

What two seniors waited patiently with their men for the train in Boston, only to discover three minutes before the train left, that they were at the **WRONG** station!!

And then there is a senior who pays for six packages of cigarettes, takes one, and donates the rest to the store.

It seems that certain people on the second floor of Mary Harkness are interested in the sea. They have had nothing but tuna fish, crabs, and lobsters for a week. Ask the rest of the people on that floor if they don't believe it.

It seems we have a budding art genius around campus who paints soap bars with passion and emotion! How about it, Dottie?

First Appearance of Orchestra in Musical

A Windham House musicale was given by the College Orchestra on Tuesday evening, November 26th. The program was as follows:

Hail to our Alma Mater
Londonderry Air

The Orchestra

Ave Maria *Bach-Gounod*
Inez Willard '39

Old French Gavotte
..... *Campra* (1660-1744)

Prelude in C *Bach* (1685-1750)

Rondo *M. onsigny* (1729-1817)
The Orchestra

Serenade *Drdla*
Inez Willard '39

And then there's the Senior who had such trouble with her feet this vacation that she was finally forced to remove her shoes entirely! Many comments were made on "cute little toes." How about it, are you blushing?

That poor little Freshman!! Ever since she heard about fire drills she's been waiting in mortal terror for the first one. Every time the phone or doorbell rings she jumps for her shoes and coat. We hope the suspense won't prove too much! Cheer up . . . you'll be having one soon.

Are all the seniors losing their wisdom, or what? At any rate, there seems to be a regular epidemic of having wisdom teeth out. These "poor old seniors!"

Bridge tournaments are starting again.

Have you ever seen someone standing on a seat in a train, balancing a chocolate cake in one hand? You should have been on that five o'clock New York train Sunday night, if you haven't!

Romance (Symphony No. 15)
..... *Haydn* (1732-1809)
Rondo (Symphony No. 12)
..... *Mozart* (1756-1791)
The Orchestra
Alma Mater
:o:

BLACKSTONE HOUSE

Barbara Haines spent the weekend visiting Mrs. Eleanor Martens Badgley (ex-'37) in East Orange, New Jersey.

Joan Blair went to New Haven for the weekend and Bernice Stein went to New York.

Elizabeth Mendillo and Francis Walker both attended the Harvard-Yale game at Cambridge.

Selma Kingsley and Margaret Ames went home for the weekend.

CALENDAR

Week of December 5th to December 11th

Thursday—December 5th

Glee Club Concert 8 p. m., Gymnasium

Saturday—December 7th

First general meeting of the Connecticut Chapter of the American Association of Teachers of French 11 a. m.
Faculty Club Party Holmes Hall, 8:15 p. m.

Sunday—December 8th

Vespers—Charles W. Gilkey Gymnasium, 7 p. m.

Monday—December 9th

Hampton Quartet—Negro Spirituals Gymnasium, 8 p. m.

Tuesday—December 10th

Convocation—Professor Gordon J. Laing

Wednesday—December 11th

Chapel—Miss Snyder

FREE SPEECH

(The Editors of the News do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed in this column. In order to insure the validity of this column as an organ for the expression of honest opinion, the editor must know the names of contributors.)

Dear Editor:

The Free Speech column is the one place in NEWS where any student in college may express public sentiment, private opinions, make complaints, suggestions, criticisms, and approve certain ideas. This year students have not shown any interest as in former years so it has been up to a member of the NEWS board to write one every week. In previous years, girls have shown enthusiasm by writing free speech articles and in turn responding to others. If the articles are challenged and debated from one week to another, the paper is made much more alive.

I know many people are continually criticising various aspects of college and frequently they have worthwhile suggestions to offer, but by just talking in small groups, a satisfactory result is not obtained. The NEWS is a good medium through which to make public one's opinions or make complaints providing a helpful suggestion is made. By printing your ideas, you will arouse the interest of others in the same subject and our college will become more progressive!

1937

WHAT WE MISS IN FOUR YEARS OF COLLEGE WORK

(Continued from Column 1)

obvious habit of most cliques in college. Without realizing exactly what they are doing, girls set themselves apart, in a world all their own, limiting their scope of acquaintanceship and in many cases causing ill feeling or antagonistic rivalry. Of course, this latter may not be considered of prime importance, but, still in all, there is a definitely negative power working against harmonious living habits that will be so vitally essential when we leave this haven of forgiveness and forgetfulness.

The second, closely related to the first; keep your ears, eyes and hearts open to every girl you contact. The greatest friendships often have the most humble of beginnings.

The third: refrain from judging another student by the opinions of those who claim they know her. So many times have prejudices, biased and ill-begotten, ruined a girl's reputation and put her in a mental hell. It isn't fair, and it is foolish.

Have I "wandered"? That is the bane of every writer's existence. But surely there is an obvious underlying thought that may justify my meandering. Some of us—I am sometimes guilty of it, I know will claim, without carefully analysing our own thoughts that we are perfectly contented with the few friendships we now have. Yes, perhaps so, but there are hundreds of girls around us every day who have lived much fuller, richer lives than we have known. I want to know those girls, I want to have an unrestrained, comfortable feeling of companionship with them. I want to live their past, their present, and their future with them. When I leave college I want to feel that I have, both here at school and all over the world, really genuine interests that will never die or grow stale. I want more and truer friends!! Don't you?

Sophomore Hop

KNOWLTON SALON

December 14

SOPH HOP — 8:00 to 12:00 p. m.

\$3.00 per couple \$2.00 Stag

TEA DANCE — 3:00 to 5:00 p. m.

\$1.50 per couple \$1.00 Stag

BARBARY COAST ORCHESTRA

Final Week of Italian Visit Most Interesting One of All

Visit To Rapallo and Environs
Described By Marion An-
nello In Final Article

The last week of our stay in Italy had begun and we were riding from Genoa to Rapallo along that beautiful coast that forms the Ligurian Riviera. We were a strange group of girls that day. Instead of the gay, singing, eager students we usually were as we rode from city to city, we were quiet and pensive, spending every moment of the ride looking dreamily out the windows of our train compartments at the clear blue waters that wash those white crags that jut out from the irregular coast. Everything looked so beautiful that morning; everything had been so wonderful during the past two months. We found ourselves guilty of wishing the train would go on and on forever. We didn't want to hear the conductor call our station "Rapallo," for we knew that was the last stop we would be making in Italy.

We were getting to be sentimentalists, we suddenly realized when the halt of the train jerked us back to earth to the realm of practical thought. We decided that there was no sense yet in looking at our trip only in retrospect. There was still this week to be spent at Rapallo, and we might as well make up our minds to enjoy every minute of it to the fullest extent and to drink in just as much more of the beauty of Italy as we possibly could.

Thus consoled, we got off the train, entered the green and red taxis that were awaiting us, and wound our way to the hotel which we found, with great amusement and delight, was built right into the side of one of the great mountains that huddle the town of Rapallo around its cozy bay. Rapallo was charming; its mountains were fascinating; its bay was heavenly! We ran excitedly around the terrace on top of the hotel, looked up at the chestnut trees covering the tops of the mountains, and then gazed out across the sea dotted with white sail boats and patinos. We couldn't stand still. The urge to explore and to discover what lay hidden among those mountains and around those bends had gotten the better of us. Out came our sturdy oxfords and sports clothes, and soon we were

off to the winding roads that make their way up the steep ascents of the mountains.

No guides, only our own instincts to guide us—we found this new adventure thrilling. We discovered before long among the hills some interesting old ruins. They looked like old Roman constructions, some of us thought when we noticed the solid walls and strong arches still in existence. But we didn't care whether they really were or not; it was much more fun believing our own imaginations and picturing for ourselves the people who might have lived there and the things that might have happened within those walls. We climbed in and out the arches, over blocks of stone, and feasted on the rich raspberries that grow all over the ruins. As we continued on the road, we passed the colorful farmhouses of the peasants who have cultivated even the land on the mountain slopes. Everything seemed so tidy and so cozily tucked away in the hills; even we felt comfortable, happy and content in this environment.

We found all this charming, but it was a funny little road that seemed to stumble all over itself that we liked best of all. Its quaint, antique-looking sign that said "Alla Torre di San Lorenzo" was like an irresistible lure that drew us to it. We discovered it was not much wider than an average pathway, and it led off the main road uphill for many picturesque miles, to an old, curious, Medieval tower. We returned to the tumble-down wall along that road many times after that about sun down to watch the sun sink behind the mountains, and to trace our steps dreamily back in the softness of dusk.

The coast was the next attraction of Rapallo that we decided to explore. Here was a different Rapallo, however. There weren't any more funny little roads, but wide promenades along the sea, where the smart society that summered at the resort would stroll leisurely during the day. There were avenues bordered by palm trees and made even more lovely by stately villas and gardens. There were cafes along the main promenade and pavilions where concerts were held daily. Then there was the Lido with its strip of white sandy shore, dotted with bathers and

lined with brightly colored cabins.

The walk along the coast was even more inviting at night. The promenade was gay with people and music and lights, while the extreme end of the coast that forms the left arm to the bay, was dark and shadowy, quiet and peaceful. We strolled one night from the gaiety of the promenade to the solitude of the left end of the coast where the "Castello dei Sogni" (Castle of Dreams) stands sleepily by the waters' edge recalling the days of the Middle Ages. We sat on a wall overlooking the castle and the entire bay, and sang all the dreamy college songs we knew. We were pleasantly surprised that night when our songs were returned with Italian university songs by a group of students who were spending their vacations at Rapallo, and happened also to have felt the desire to visit the old Castello that night.

In the midst of our explorations up the mountains and down the coast of Rapallo, we were notified that we were to be the guests one evening at an official reception by the Podesta, the mayor of the town. We had almost become calloused to receptions by this time, but we became excited once more when we heard that the affair was to take place at the Casino Rursal, located right on one of those cliffs that jag out from the coast, and that we had thought so fascinating from our hotel window. We gladly discarded our rugged sports togs for the softness of formals, and off we went, eager now to explore the gay, social life of the fashionable resort.

The evening proved to be perfect in every respect. The Podesta was a charming host, and with the usual Italian hospitality, put everything in the Casino at our disposal. We dined, and we danced, and met many of the dashing Genoese aristocrats there that had so interested us in Genoa. We met gallant, lovely people from France, from England, and from all over the Continent. We never felt so right in the midst of Europe before or quite so cosmopolitan as we did that evening when we spoke three different languages one right after the other. And while being thrilled by this whirl of people, music, and laughter, we could hear the waves dash against the cliffs and we could see streaks of light flashing at intervals across the bay from one promontory to another. We decided we were liking Rapallo more and more every minute.

By the middle of the week, we had explored almost every aspect of life at Rapallo, and had viewed the resort from almost every possible angle. Now it was the neighboring towns that drew our attention. We had heard of the famed beauties of Santa Margherita, San Michele, and Portofino, and we knew these towns lay just a few miles over the hills along the coast. One morning, we arose bright and early in a very determined and restless mood, went down to the village, hired bicycles, and rode off to the hills. The ride down those steep grades, two on a bicycle, was the most breath-taking one we have ever had. Here was nature's roller-coaster, we thought,

but even more awful than the ones man had invented. As we dashed helplessly down the almost perpendicular incline around sharply curving roads, we were literally frightened out of our wits, but we kept on because we didn't know how to stop.

We finally arrived safely at Santa Margherita, although we still don't know how that happened. Level ground looked so wonderful to us; we kept pedaling around the town to feel what ordinary bicycle riding was like. But we were soon brought to a halt by a very impressive looking "carabiniere," who was our idea of what Napoleon must have looked like. Two on a bicycle were not allowed in Santa Margherita, we were informed, and there was a fine for those who broke this law. But we were experts on Italian psychology by this time, and we knew that if we could make the "carabiniere" like us, we might get away more easily. With great presence of mind, at which we marvel to this day, we flattered him for all we were worth. We told him how much we admired his uniform, we told him he looked like Napoleon, and we told him how much we loved Italy and the Italians. Our psychology was perfect. In a few minutes we were off to the next town without having to pay a fine, and still riding two on a bicycle.

We passed the most beautiful villas and estates we had yet seen in Italy. We passed lovely hotels and delightful little beaches. We passed San Michele, a wee bit of a town snuggled against the hills. We rode happily on to Portofino along the road that has been called one of the most beautiful roads in the world. To us, however, it was decidedly the most beautiful. It skirted the rocky coast, it ran uphill and downhill, it was shaded by an arch of trees and bordered with luxurious homes, and then it ran, incongruously, into the haphazard quarters of the ancient port. We stopped at this part of the road by a little stand where a woman was making, on an open fire, some sort of pastry that looked somewhat like our cream puffs. We ordered one right after another. We weren't sure we would dare eat them, but we loved to see the old woman make them. They looked so tempting, however, that we finally did taste them, and found them even more delicious than our most delicately made pastries.

On our way back to Rapallo, we stopped at Santa Margherita again to see Marconi's yacht, *Electra*, anchored in the bay. After our visit to the yacht, we sat down to rest at one of the cafes on the main promenade. We met an Englishman here who took a fatherly attitude toward us as soon as he discovered we were Americans. He told us he had been living on the beautiful Ligurian coast for 32 years, for he had found it the ideal place to live after having travelled around the world six times. We hadn't travelled around the world six times, but we agreed with the enthusiasm of this experienced traveller, and we found ourselves wanting never to leave that coast.

The end of the week came very soon, however, and before long we were dashing back to Genoa to board the *Rex* for America. We kept thinking of what that Englishman had told us. Then we looked back on all the enjoyment we had found in Italy, all the enlightenment, all the beauty, all the warmth and friendliness. We knew that in less than an hour it would all be just a memory.

It was a sad-looking group of girls that embarked on the *Rex* this time. We listlessly heard the anchor pull up; we felt the boat move; we stayed out on deck as long as we could, watching Italy and our Italian student friends fade from view. Two months of supreme happiness in a gorgeous land were over.

Although blind for 25 years, Perry Hale, Yale All-American in 1900, hasn't missed a game since the day the doctor told him he would never see again.

Undergraduates at CCNY will assist in the administration of student relief.

First recipient of Columbia University's bronze lion award is Dr. Harold C. Urey, professor of chemistry and Nobel prize winner for the discovery of heavy water.

There are 365 American students at German universities. Medicine draws most foreign students to Germany, philosophy fewest.

Radio programs should be government-controlled, in the opinion of college presidents recently polled by the Federal Communications Commission.

QUESTION FOR DECEMBER 4

Are you in favor of the immediate cash payment of the Soldier's Bonus?

If so (1) are you in favor of currency inflation to make this payment possible?

(2) Are you in favor of financing through sale of bonds?

Would you advocate both methods?

Class



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Rev. Bradford Is Thanksgiving Vespers Speaker

Reverend Bradford spoke on Thanksgiving, what it has been, and what it has come to mean to us. He compared it to the feeling we have at Easter time, a feeling of vivid remembering. Though most of us, as a rule, take pride in being progressive, still at Thanksgiving we are content to look backward. When we keep traditions we act in accordance with the silent vote of those who have preceded us. Why do we celebrate Thanksgiving services of gratitude?—Because we do it in remembrance of the generations that have gone before us.

The great motive power that brings family groups together is not only one of mutual affection, which is very great, but of even a greater force, the love we feel for someone who is gone. Tradition and the keeping of tradition, causes us to remember the power of the franchise of the dead. We permit ourselves to be led along old paths. However there are pitfalls that invade such paths. Perhaps the greatest is that we are likely to copy the form and thus miss the meaning that tradition tends to hand down to us. We are apt to copy or adopt a pose instead of cultivating an attitude.

We may pose to our own selves or pretend that we are this or that thing, but self consciousness is not connected with an attitude. We should make the important distinction that arises between a pose and an attitude.

Thanksgiving should be more than flags, football games, and turkey dinners. We should reverently remember God, be still, very still in the midst of noise and confusion and know that God is real, and remember that God means to see that it is folly for a man, a nation, or a race to be selfish and covetous. This realization will make us see the insignificance of man, and of the races, and know that God alone remains forever, and that what we may call merely an ideal is more real than the actual.

Let us approach Thanksgiving day with not only the custom but the soul of the ancient times, which leads us to remember God, that we may make the lives of ourselves and our nation more acceptable in His sight so that we may face the unknown future with confidence in Him.

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Armaments Is International Relations Club Subject

Armaments and their effect on peace were discussed by Charles Carroll, a Yale undergraduate, who addressed the International Relations Club last week. As secretary to Senator Gerald P. Nye, Chairman of the Committee for Investigating the Munitions Industry, Mr. Carroll has obtained much first hand information on the subject. He cited several examples of evidence of corruption and dishonesty in the munitions industry, and pointed out the profiteering which went on not only during the War, but afterward. U. S. Steel and Dupont realized enormous profits in war time, and other companies increased their incomes by as much as 800 percent. The activity did not cease at the close of the war. They have aroused public sentiment in favor of "adequate national defense", and they have employed lobbyists to agitate in their favor at disarmament conferences. It is partly due to the efforts of munitions manufacturers that American expenditures for armaments have increased more than 800 percent since the World War. Mr. Carroll reminded the audience that the U. S. is spending more for defense than any other first rate power, and at the same time, expenses of the State department which should protect us by fostering goodwill abroad, have been radically cut.

Mr. Carroll outlined Senator Nye's program, which has been drawn up by his committee, recommends that the government be empowered to conscript industry in time of war; that the "Pay as You Fight" theory be carried out by putting a tax on all incomes over \$10,000, with the idea of eliminating war time inflation, and preventing too great price fluctuation. In hopes of safeguarding American neutrality, Senator Nye recommends that the extension of credit to belligerent nations while they are engaged in war be prohibited; that Americans traveling abroad in war time must do so at their own risk; that a list of what constitutes the contraband be formulated. These resolutions have gone through the Senate, with but slight modifications. It is believed by the committee that formulated them that they should bring a new hope of peace.

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What 1935 Grads Are Doing Now

Engaged

Gloria Belsky to David N. Klarfield of Boston.

Jimmie Francis to John Redmond Toye of London, England. He attended the University College in Exeter, Devon, where she spent her sophomore year.

Married

Betty Lou Bozell to John B. Forrest in August.

Mary Wallace Wall to John Porter McLeod of Hatfield, Mass., on June 29. Helen Baumgarten was maid of honor and Roberta Chace and Mary Stover were bridesmaids. The McLeods spent their honeymoon in Hawaii.

The following girls are doing secretarial work:

Barbara Burney and Mary Savage with the State Board of Education in Hartford.

Petey Boomer with the Pratt and Whitney Aircraft Co. of Hartford. Subby Burr with the Dimes Savings' Bank in Hartford.

Jan Carpenter at Connecticut State College, Storrs.

Kay Cartwright, Kay Jenks, Audrey LaCourse and Irene Larson are all with the Aetna Insurance Co. in Hartford. Audrey is convalescing from an appendix operation.

Virginia Golden with the Home Life Insurance Co., New York.

Lillian Greer with the Axe Investment Co., New York.

Dot Schaub with the Continental Bank and Trust Co., New York.

Lois Smith with the Connecticut League of Women Voters in Hartford.

Marty Warren with the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co.

Barbara Hervey with the New England Claim Department of the Employers' Liability Insurance Corp., Ltd., in Boston.

Esther Martin with the Wilson Construction Co. in Tallahassee, Florida.

Maude Rademan is secretary to the president of the Caldwell Freighting Co. in New York City.

Helen Livingston is working in Jordan Marsh's in Boston.

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Martha Hickman is Records Clerk under Col. Hackett, Assistant Administrator of Public Works in Washington.

Key Woodward is working at Fox's Department Store in Hartford.

Barbara Rohrmayer is an Adjuster in Macy's in New York.

Rhoda Perlo is working as secretary to a professor in Economics at New College, Teachers' College.

Those teaching are the following:

Marion Anello in the Adult Education Center, New London.

Rose Camassar, Becky Nims and Betty Ann Corbly in W.M.I., New London.

Elizabeth Dutch in Farmington (Conn.) High School where she is also adviser for the freshman class.

Ethel Feingold in the Alfred E. Burr Junior High in Hartford.

Betty Gerhart and Pudge Sawtelle in the Mary C. Wheeler School in Providence.

Marion White in Larson Junior College in New Haven. She is also taking a course there.

Ruth Worthington in Chaffee School for Girls in Windsor, Conn. She is also dietician.

Beth Sawyer in Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.

Doris Merchant is assistant to the primary teacher at the Lenox School in New York.

Dot Prillig is on the substitution list at Waterbury High and is a saleslady at Worth's in Waterbury.

Others of our class are carrying their studies further:

Lydia Albree and Letitia Williams have fellowships from the Institute of International Education. Jill is studying in a German University and Lee is at the University of Toulouse in France.

Olive Birch is at Duke University.

Helen Baumgarten has an internship at the Social Agency, N. Y.

Evelyn Bates and Sylvia Dworski are at the Yale Graduate School.



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Geraldine Coon and Betty Far-num are at Brown.

Margaret Fields has a fellowship and apprenticeship at Pittsburgh University.

Lena Meyer has a fellowship in the Jewish School of Social Work in New York.

Agatha Zimmerman is at the New York School of Social Work.

Grace Hoffman, Betty Merrill, and Kathie Vanderhoof are at Columbia.

Nanci Walker is at Boston University.

Frances Rush is at Teachers' College.

Mary Blatchford is at Boston University Medical School.

Polly Spooner is at the University of Chicago.

Margaret Creighton is a graduate student and assistant in Zoology at Brown.

Anne Williams is an assistant in the Chemistry Department at Columbia.

Jeanette Freeman is laboratory assistant in the Botany Department at Barnard.

Peg Baylis is student dietician in the Mass. State Hospital in Boston.

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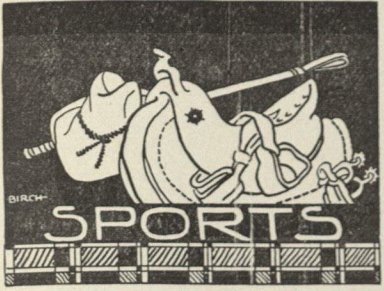
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The Faculty-Student soccer game played Tuesday afternoon at four, resulted in a score of 2-1 in favor of the faculty.

* * *

The results of the Hockey games are:

- 1st place—Senior-Junior team.
- 2nd place—Sophomore team.
- 3rd place—Freshman team.

* * *

The teams and squads for the various sports are as follows:

RIDING

- 1st Team**
Blatch, F.
Harris, J.
Hutchinson, J.
Myers, E.
Abberly, J.
- 2nd Team**
Lee, M.
Mulford, E.
Rothschild, J.
Sharp

TENNIS

Honorable Mention

- Finnigan
Ryman
Rothfuss

1st Teams

- '36
Benham
Hadsell, J.
Hoffman
McKelvey
Wallis

'37

- Foley
Irving

'38

- Fairbank
Hurlbut
Morehouse
Myers

'39

- Curtis, B.
Kirk, E.
Fessenden

2nd Teams

'36

- Manson
Maas
Beattie
Pearson

'37

- Burdsall
Burnham
Harris, D.
Kemmer
Powell

'38

- Boutwell
Crandall
Jenks
Pierce, J.
Talbot

'39

- Bassoe
McLain
Parcells

Squad

'36

- Everett
Kimball

- '37
Church
Cronback
Nibbs
- '38
Andrus
Nelson, M. A.
- '39

- Brown
Gray
Hubbard
Lehman
Mayle
Patterson
Weil
Weston

HOCKEY

Honorable Mention

- Brewer
Phemister
Swayne

Varsity

- Aymar
Calwell
Campbell, E.
Deuel
Stark
Vanderbilt, B.

1st Teams

'36

- Vanderbilt, J.

'37

- Belden
Corrigan
Kirkman
McGhee

'38

- Anderson, B.
Campbell, B.
Earle
Gildersleeve
Mansur
Wagner

'39

- Kellog, R.
Mead
Robison
Salom
Slingerland
Sutherland
Weston, N. S.

2nd Teams

'36

- Lippincott, D. C.
Parsons

'37

- Adams, E.
Moore

'38

- Backes
Franz
Gilbert, E.
Hanson

'39

- Boyle
Chapman
Harding
Hawley
Lyon, E. J.
Patton

Squads

'38

- Austin
Nelson, M. E.
Rudolph
Walker, F. M.

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- '39
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Judd
Lowe

GOLF

1st Team

- Brainard
King
McLeod, E. M.
Muloch

2nd Team

- Abell
Pasco

Squad

- Gabler
Henrietta

ARCHERY

Varsity

- Fox, L.

Honorable Mention

- Morehouse, M.

1st Team

'36

- Grodzke

'38

- Babcock
Stern

2nd Team

'37

- Hendrie

'39

- Ake

Squad

'36

- Cooper
Flannery
Reukauf
Sanford
Scolly
Stirling

'37

- Brown, H.
Brown, R.
Coleman
Fawcett
Flannery
Ford
Guy
Myland
Peterson
Ross
Schlesinger

'38

- Ames
Bacon
Ball
Berkman
Brown, M.
Hellwig
Langmaid
Walbridge

'39

- Barrows
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Club Notes

Wednesday afternoon, November 20, the Education Club presented films showing the technique of Dr. Gesell in the laboratory at Yale. The second series showed Dr. Buhler at work in her laboratory in Vienna.

Student nurses of the Lawrence Memorial Hospital were guests of the club.

The first meeting of the newly formed Bird Club was held Monday evening, November 25 in New London Hall. Miss Botsford spoke on "Cedar Waxwings", and Nancy Hooker on "Feathers."

Plans for future meetings were discussed.

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WIG AND CANDLE CLUB IN THREE ONE ACT PLAYS

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 4)

far more stringent test of the actors' ability than at first appears. It may seem easy to play a part without the aid of facial expression or bodily movement, but upon consideration one perceives the difficulties and appreciates the talents of Blanche Mapes and Charlotte Calwell in this fantasy. The lovely artificiality of Blanche Mapes in her gleaming pink satin contrasted vividly with the warm sincerity of her voice. (The costumes, by the way, were a pleasure to behold.) Although an occasionally lifted eyebrow betrayed the flesh-and-blood of *Manikin*, Charlotte Calwell's *Minikin* was always a charming Dresden ornament whose face was immobile throughout agitated moments, and whose voice never lost its tinkle. If figurines have voices, they must be like *Minikin's*! Unfortunately these dainty bits of china flanked a clock of no particular period or beauty, a garish and superfluous contrast to statuettes once gracing the British Museum.

The second play, *The Widow's*

Veil, by Alice Rostetter, was only partly successful in its general effect. The setting was realistic; the dumb-waiter worked perfectly; the off-stage voices aided the illusion of tenement-house life. Yet, although Sylvia Draper as *Mrs. Phelan* was amusing to watch, her brogue never came out of Ireland. Dialect must be studied painstakingly if it is to be natural; and *Mrs. Phelan's* was often more Scotch than Irish. The brogue proved a stumbling-block, also, to Jeanette Rothensies who, prettily plaintive as *Katy Mac-Manus*, was more convincing in her last exasperated speech than in her more doleful moments. Incidentally, it must be the playwright's fault that the change in *Katy's* attitude toward her husband lacked sufficient plausibility. The cynical Gilbert makes one of his ladies sing:

"Oh weary wives, who widowhood would win,
Rejoice that ye have time to weary in."

It may be only because *Katy* had had but ten days to weary in that the veil, becoming though it was, seemed so inadequate a motive.

Of Essex Dane's *When the Whirlwind Blows* much can be said in praise. As a play it is superior to

the others, and, demanding more in subtlety of characterization, it is an excellent test of ability. The setting, not-too-cluttered and artistically lighted, helped to create a sombre atmosphere. The three characters were sharply defined and contrasted in costume as in disposition. As a trifling but indicative illustration, there was a nice differentiation between the aristocrat, *Elizabeth Androya*, and *Anna*, the lady's maid, in their manner of using their compacts. As *Anna*, Josephine Jobs was more convincing in the earlier part of the play. Her performance was uneven; she did not always allow bodily movement to aid her; she was at once less hard and less sly than the play seemed to demand. Her voice, too, was less colorful than it can be. As *Josefa*, Florence McConnell gave a sympathetic performance. In make-up, in movement, and in voice she was always the stolid peasant. Her playing was consistent throughout, and especially good was her slow awakening to *Anna's* treachery. In the acting of Barbara Lawrence, also, was found intelligent conception of character. As *Elizabeth Androya* she was aloof and scornful even in moments of apparent danger,

never for a moment losing self-control or icy dignity. Her few gestures were as incisive as her clear metallic speech.

To these three actors unstinted commendation is due for their poise and ability to carry on the play in the face of discourtesy, on the part of the audience, that might well daunt professionals. Have we at Connecticut College so little sophistication, so little consideration for our fellows, and such scant comprehension of the difficulties of creating and maintaining an illusion, that the silly connotation of a name and an unfortunate but slight mishap can rob us of all self-control? For Friday night's audience the answer is: Yes. We may imagine how the guests of the college regarded our conduct which could hardly win the admiration of thoughtful persons. Such a display of childish rudeness has occurred once or twice before in our college theater. May it never occur again!

The performance on Friday night marks a favorable beginning of a new dramatic season. The smooth acting, the careful staging, the capable work of all the committees, give evidence of Mrs. Ray's skill as a director. We congratulate her;

we congratulate the members of Wig and Candle; and we look forward to the next production.

—:o:—

MRS. HARKNESS MAKES FINE GIFT TO THE COLLEGE

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

8. Geography; 9. Geology; 10. History; 11. Industries, Manufactures, and Occupations; 12. Literature; 13. Military and Naval; 14. Physics; 15. Religion; 16. Sports and Pastimes; 17. Miscellaneous.

The views were by the Keystone View Company and are based on the travels of Burton Holmes. They can be seen in the college library.

—:o:—

BLACKSTONE HOUSE TO PRESENT "THE ACID TEST" FRIDAY

On December 6th Blackstone House will present its house play, "The Acid Test" by Mrs. C. P. Smith. The play will be given in Knowlton Salon at 7:30 P. M. Darlene Stern and Leonore Salser will be the cast. The play is sponsored by "Wig and Candle" and is under the supervision of Josephine Hunter Ray.